A thouſand bluſhing apparitions,
To ſtart into her face,a thouſand innocent ſhames,
In angel whiteneſſe beate away thoſe bluſhes,
And in her eie there hath appeard a fire,
To burne the errors that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth: call me a foole,
Truſt not my reading,nor my obſeruations,
Which with experimental ſeale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: truſt not my age,
My reuerence,calling,nor diuinitie,
If this ſweete ladie lie not guiltleſſe here,
Vnder ſome biting errour.
Leonato Frier,it cannot be,
Thou ſeeſt that al the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is,that ſhe will not adde to her damnation,
A ſinne of periury,ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeekſt thou then to couer with excuſe,
That which appeares in proper nakedneſſe?
Frier Lady,what man is he you are accuſde of?
Hero They know that do accuſe me, I know none,
If I know more of any man alriue
Then that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſinnes lacke mercie,O my father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerſt,
At houres vnmeete,or that I yeſternight
Maintaind the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me,hate me,torture me to death.
Frier There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the princes.
Bene. Two of them haue the very bent of honour,
And if their wiſedomes be miſled in this,
The practiſe of it liues in Iohn the Baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirites toyle in frame of villanies.
Leonato I know not,if they ſpeake but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall teare her, if they wrong her honour,
The prowdeſt of them ſhal wel heare of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age ſo eate vp my inuention,

Nor